THE PIÑON

Leora Larson.

Number 4 May, 1911

THE PIÑON

Issued by the Students
of the Bishop Union High
School, Bishop, California

Commencement
Number
1911

TONIA CARRASCO

BORN APRIL 7, 1891
DIED MARCH 24, 1911

In Memory of One We Loved

A school mate taken from us,
A favorite 'mong us all,
To dwell in realms above us
By the angels' gentle call.
Like a fair, sweet, fragrant flower
That is broken from its stem,
She was called away from loved ones
By a gentle call from Him.
A friend to all around her,
A friend of whom we were proud,
Should not the ones in Heaven
With her friendship be endowed?
We'll miss her smiles so sunny,
We'll miss her love sincere,
But how sweet the thought she was too pure
To linger with us here.

MISS ALBERTA E. VOLLMERS

MISS CLARA I. SHIRA

MISS CLARA N. HARYETT

F. E. HOWARD, PRINCIPAL

MISS HELEN M. STUART

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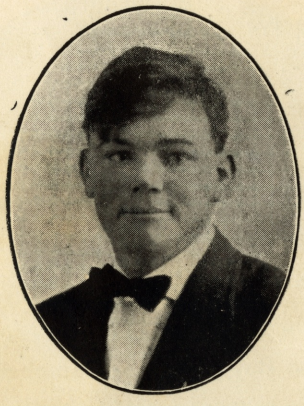


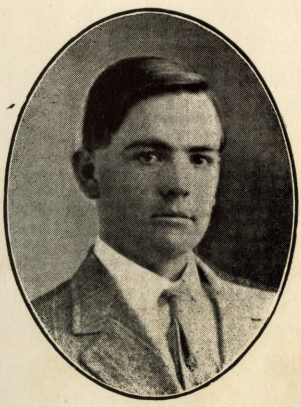
HAZEL JONES

ANNE NELLIGAN

GEORGE BIGELOW

FRANCES TEEL

HELEN STERLING



DEBORAH SMITH

PEARL DAVIS

WILL BIGELOW

MYRTLE ROE

MAE JENKINS

Class History

IN September, 1907, a very green-looking class of Freshmen entered the B. U. H. S. Remembering that old adage, "A bad beginning makes a good ending," two of our present number took the opportunity of entering sometime after the nine o'clock bell had rung.

Being already acquainted with two of my classmates to be, I did not feel like a stranger in a foreign land, as did many of the others who were entire strangers. However there seemed to be a feeling of kinship between us, and those who remained to finish the Junior year were soon fast friends.

Early in the term our class organized with the following members: Hazel Jones, Mae Jenkins, Frances Teel, Anne Nelligan, Deborah Smith, Helen Sterling, Pearl Davis, Tonia Carrasco, Janie Rhead, Leland Varney, Geo. and Charles McKay, John Yandell, Ernest Clark, Abe Diaz, Willard Gish, and Will Bigelow. Thus the struggle for existence began.

We chose a class motto and flower and our colors, black and gold, which we have kept during the entire four years, were soon well known. The class spirit seemed to be lacking in some, for at the beginning of our Sophomore year we found that the McKays, Clark, Yandell and Rhead outdoor recreation was better for their health than Latin or Algebra. Although steadily growing less in numbers, for Gish and Varney departed during this term, our ambition and confidence did not diminish.

Jolly Juniors was our next greeting and we remember this year as a very pleasant one. With a very weak corps of Seniors and Sophomores, we, with a little help from the Freshies, were still able to hold our own in every way.

As Seniors we began with eight girls and one boy but have since had the pleasure of welcoming Myrtle Roe and George Bigelow to the class. Mr. Bigelow was a Junior when we came here as Freshies but, always having held a warm spot in his heart for the class of '11, he determined to wait and graduate with us.

Thus, with the exception of one who has gone before us into that higher and better life, we are now nearing the close of our high school course. We hope soon to receive our diplomas and go forth into our new life with a determination to win.

Class of '12

THE Junior class organized at the beginning of the term of '10-'11 with a membership of fourteen and John MacIver as President. Since then this energetic organization has been decreased to thirteen by one member who left school. Whether or not we are unlucky remains to be seen, though we have the lowest attendance record and failed to present the comedy, "A Modern Ananias."

We do not intend, however, to be discouraged or be influenced by thirteen as a "hoodoo." We intend to make our Senior year in the Bishop Union High School one to be remembered and be the model class of the school.

We wish to congratulate the members of the present Senior class upon their good work and model behavior, which has indeed been a credit to our school.

We wish, also, to extend our sympathy to the members of the Senior class upon the untimely death of Miss Tonia Carrasco, who was loved sincerely by her schoolmates and teachers.

The Lucky Class of '13

WHEN the Bishop Union High School opened in the fall of 1909 the upper classmen welcomed us as Freshmen and admitted that ours was the largest class which had entered the school thus far. We then numbered forty-two, and although some have since fallen by the wayside, the class is still strong in numbers at the close of this, our Sophomore year.

As Freshmen we chose the motto which we still keep, "Onward and Upward," and we hope that as Juniors and Seniors we may be still more inspired by its spirit and finish our course with high honors.

We realize that thus far we have attracted very little attention from the public but we have been busy keeping our work up to the standard of our motto. In the future we hope to be able to do something outside of school work to show you we are progressing.

Be patient! We'll show you some day that the "Jolly Juniors" may be applied to us as aptly as it was to the class which is now taking leave of the B. U. H. S.

Class of '14

The Freshmen, as a whole, of this year have been far different from those who have entered the school in years previous in more ways than one.

They have shown more class spirit, more energy and more of those qualities that determine success than former classes have.

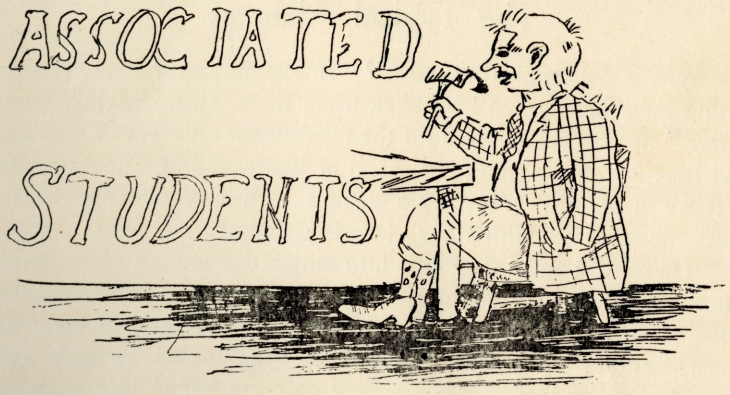
We were thirty strong at the opening of the school year, but have slightly decreased in numbers since then.

At the first meeting we held the following officers were elected: Will Long, President; Florence Monroe, Vice President; Vivian McQueen, Secretary; Knox Long, Treasurer.

At the same meeting we selected white and gold for our class colors. We also procured a banner, which was presented to Professor Howard as a token from our class.

In April the Freshmen gave a banquet in honor of the Seniors. A program was given, after which followed a jolly time.

We are now turning down the home stretch, with heads erect and colors flying, ever singing our motto "Perseverance conquers all things."



SINCE the election of the new officers there have been but a few meetings of the Associated Students. The chief business transacted has been the empowering of the manager to expend the Associated Student funds as he saw fit or by order of the executive board. However, few things have been bought and very little money spent.

The Piñon was to be printed every two months of the school term, but owing to circumstances it was decided to put the March and Commencement numbers both into one paper.

This is the Senior number and is edited under their supervision. We will not have a chance to get out another Piñon, so we are trying to make this the best ever issued. We hope to see several Piñons next year and wish to make this one a good example.

We have called on our Freshmen in some instances, as in the case of our Art Department, where we have been rewarded with the best of drawings.

Our Sophomores have also contributed extensively, both in the Josh and Literary sections.

We must not overlook our Juniors, who have furnished us with such splendid articles in both poetry and prose. We hope they will keep up their interest and school spirit after we are gone, and that the Piñon will continue to improve both in size and quality until it is ranked with the best of school papers.

The Typical Alumnus

Who is the typical alumnus? In the spring of 1911, twenty young men and women look back upon B. U. H. S. as their Alma Mater. It is good to look into the faces of our one-time chums and find that which we think is typical of the good and true alumnus. Is there a certain group, we wonder, which most truly represents the ideals to which our class is striving?

There are several groups into which our alumni have fallen. There are those who found at B. U. H. S. a certain key that invited them to doors leading to halls of higher knowledge. Do you remember—you class of '05—how Gus used to struggle with the old physics lab. apparatus that was contained in a packing-box behind the class-room door? Well, the difficulties that challenged his youthful zeal inspired him to further research. Gus, you know, is now completing his advanced course in mining engineering at Stanford. You remember our debates on the tariff, the suffrage, and immigration. Note the result in our friends Horace and Leslie Albright and Lloyd Brooks, all looking forward to a lawyer's cap and gown. Claude Teel used to distinguish himself in athletics, you know: that is why he is an honored member of the Nevada football squad. We used to have "eats" once in awhile. Lorraine Sterling, you know, found in them inspiration to devote her energies to a course in Domestic Science at Battle Creek, Michigan. There are many keys that lead to many doors. Mary Watterson has been trying another at Mills College. Most of them open doors that lead to wide vistas. Perhaps such efforts are typical of the true alumnus of B. U. H. S. But let us postpone our decision till we have finished our roll-call.

Here come three who answer promptly because they are used to school-room attention. Susie Rhead, Ora Teel and Mabel Scovil found the life of desk and book so pleasant that they were willing to spend more days within the four walls. They find deep joy in sharing some of the good things that came to them at B. U. H. S. with other young and eager lives. Truly this is an ambition worthy to be typical of the best in B. U. H. S.

Perhaps the typical alumnus, however, is found in another group. There are those of our number who took their graduating roses from their hair to make way for orange blossoms. Hazel, Alice, Stella, Leora—memories of B. U. H. S. make a part of the

happiness of their lives. Surely such memories should be typical of the faithful alumnus.

There are those too who have gone back to give their own homes that which they found of most worth in B. U. H. S. May Smith and Kate Dehy are putting to the practical test the qualities typical of their school.

Three of our boys have set to work to apply these principles to their business lives. "Penny," you know, used to be depended upon to see that the electric lights were in proper order when an entertainment was to be given. Glenn's executive ability was recognized when he was made first president of the alumni body. Homer was always an authority on prices and politics. We are glad that the qualities that made them reliable workers in their class are effective in the responsible business positions they are now holding.

But I wonder if we can say that the typical alumnus is to be found in any one group. With the faces of our alumni body before me, I want to sketch a portrait of the typical alumnus that shall be less representative of the individual than of the type. I believe I can do it with three strokes of my pencil.

1. The typical alumnus is an ambitious man. Now you think at once of the man who is pushing eagerly forward to attain the highest place in his line of business; you think of the lawyer who is making for himself a ladder of other men's failures; the manufacturer who is exploiting the wage-earner and consumer that he may be a magnate; the politician who betrays his State for thirty pieces of silver. The typical alumnus does not so define ambition. His ambition is to do his own special work in such a way that he will by so much bring a cleaner city, a finer State, a purer government into being. His job may be the constructing of a pipe-line; it may be the cleaning up of rotten political situation through the force of his trained head and clean heart; it may be the careful guidance of a child's delicate instincts and impulses. Whatever the job, it is the ambition of the alumnus to do it with all strength and earnestness in him.

He is ambitious because of the training he has received in high school. His Ancient History has given him a survey of the world that has shown him the folly of the wrong kind of ambition. His Civics has brought to him a belief in democracy that makes

it a joy to him to go out and work shoulder to shoulder with his fellow men. He is eager to do his part to advance the greater civilization whose growth he has studied. The typical alumnus is an ambitious man.

2. The typical alumnus is a religious man. Do not mistake me in this. I don't mean that he is a man with a long face. Our training in humor at B. U. H. S. was by the laboratory method. But I do mean that the alumnus of B. U. H. S. takes his life as a serious thing. He believes that he has a special and particular bit of work to do that no other man in the universe can do but him. His religion is his belief in his work. If he is a wise and careful doctor it is his religion that makes him wise and careful. Religion is to his ambition what oxygen is to his blood. If he is an inspiring teacher, it is by virtue of that belief in his work which is his religion. If he is an honest merchant the essence of his honesty is his religion. His religion is that which lifts his work beyond the level of physical strength and mental efficiency and puts it on the plane of the spiritual. It is that which makes his work part of the universal plan.

He is religious because of the training he has received at high school. In his study of the sciences he has been led to look beyond the flower or rock in his hand to the great guiding principles that rule the world. He has tried to regulate his life according to those purposes. Through his study of the classics he has made acquaintance with the great men of Greece and Rome, and has learned to link his life up with the highest minds of men of all nations and ages. In his study of the great masterpieces, in his glimpses of rare pictures and exquisite music, his imagination has been fired to a love of beauty and harmony, that light his work with a glow from a higher life. His ambition reaches forward to the highest goodness and beauty as the supreme end.

3. But I come near to contradicting what I think you will find is a quality of the typical alumnus. He is a man of few words. The typical alumnus is ambitious to do some work in the world; his religion inspires him to do that work in such a way that it will be of permanent, universal value; his method is that of deeds rather than words. The typical alumnus is a practical man. He is practical because of the training he has received at High School. The laboratory method has taught him the value

of first hand independent labor. His tests and examinations have given him habits of system and organization. These habits will be his practical tools through life. They will make his ambition purposeful, his religion organic, his actual work systematic and independent.

This is what is expected of you—you ambitious, religious, practical young men and women of the class of 1911. It is up to your sciences, your classics, your poetry, to make good in the world of reality. Be ambitious—that is, find some work to do. Be religious—that is, believe that your work is a vital and necessary part of the work of the world. Be practical—I mean make your ideals concrete in active service. Of such an alumnus B. U. H. S. need never be ashamed.

From the Principal's Office

Now that we are fast approaching the close of one of the most delightful years of my teaching experience, it might not be out of place to stop a moment and take a backward look.

From a teacher's point of view, the school could not have been more attractive than it has been this year. The students have been responsive and co-operative. They have evidently seen that the work was for them to do, and they have cheerfully complied. The Board of Trustees has not only met all of our demands, but in many cases has anticipated them. No student in the school has watched the progress more than the members of the board, who felt that they personally had something at stake in the outcome of the year's work. The patrons of the school seemed to stand as a unit for the good of the school, and have given the faculty the encouragement which, if not an absolute necessity, has been a great helper. Outside of school the ways of the teachers have been made pleasant, not only by the students themselves, but by the members of the community at large.

From a student's point of view the year has, I believe, been satisfactory. There are individual cases where this may not have been the case, but they are few, and there have been no entire failures. The students have had a little of athletics, but not so much as I should have liked to see. Perhaps another year may see more. They have had plenty to do, and have done it

with more or less satisfaction to themselves and their teachers. If some of them have failed in part, we should like them to remember that it would have pleased us more to be able to give them high grades than low ones. No student is expected to be perfect always, and in this year, as in all previous years of my experience, there will be failures in some subjects. If the student who receives these failures becomes so disappointed that he quits school, it will be a sad affair, but if, instead, he comes back with a determination to again meet and next time overcome his difficulties, it seems to me that I can see in that character the outline of a man who one time will know no such thing as defeat, and who will become a world-mover in the coming generation.

The school year seems to be very satisfactory to the Board of Trustees. They have carefully watched over us to see that we did not lack anything necessary. At the beginning of the year we informed them that we would see that they got on the educational map, and now that that promise has been fulfilled, they seem satisfied.

From the point of view of higher educational institutions, the year has been a successful one. For the first time in the history of the school the University of California has recognized its work as sufficient for accrediting. When the University of California puts a school on this accredited list it means that the doors of practically any university are opened to our graduates.

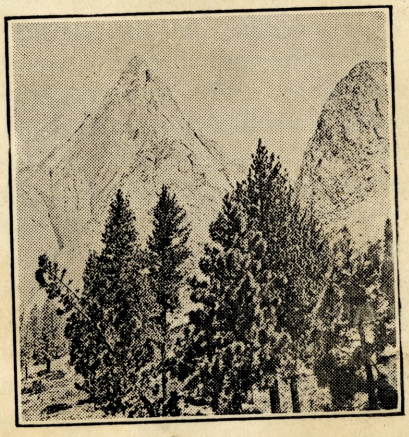
Accrediting means much to many people, and to some it may mean that we have now attained what we sought and perhaps it is time for us to take a much needed rest. It is to be hoped that none of the students will take this attitude, because in reality accrediting is only the first step. Now that we are right with our University, we are at liberty to expend our surplus energies in conquering other fields. Just what will be done I am not in position to say at present, but I will say that something will be done to widen the sphere of influence of this school.

The prospect for next year is unusually brilliant. The present Senior class will not be with us. But they will be represented in other higher educational institutions, where they will be making records that will reflect to the honor of the school which they represent. The Junior class, which is slightly larger in number than the Senior class, will succeed them as the class of primary importance in the school. The Junior class contains some very excel-

lent material, and when they have been in the school as long as the class of 1911 they ought to be as strong from a school point of view as their predecessors.

As is the case always, the lower classes are more unsettled. The Sophomore class, which is the largest in the school, will not be so large when school convenes next year. Some students who are doing commercial work only, will not return. The Freshman class will be represented next year by a fairly good representation.

The matter of the continual advancement is primarily with the students, as it always has been. It is with them to make a good school or the reverse. If each does his best no fear need be manifested. Students, it is up to you. F. E. HOWARD.



1921

A Glimpse into the Future

(Worthy of Milton)

I sit here dreaming, dreaming,
Of the years that have gone by,
And the many things that have happened,
Since I quit the Bishop High.

That was ten long years ago,
And as my thoughts fly back,
I live o'er again the good old days
When we Seniors made things crack.

Then we were just eight and two;
Eight and two makes ten.
And a better class has ne'er been seen;
It was no "should have been."

Now they're scattered far and wide,
Lovely women, noble men.
I wonder if they ever long
To be High School Seniors once again?

The other day in the Register
With headlines large and staring,
I saw an account on the very first page,
Of a flight which was bold and daring.

It told of an aviatoress
Who scaled the aerial height
On a winged steed which flew on the wind
O'er old Mt. Whitney's top like a kite.

Then it told of her earlier life
And how, ten years ago
When she belonged to the Bishop High,
Her name was Myrtle Roe.

But now her name is different,
And Myrtle is a divorcee;
For "He" had wanted to show her,
And "She"—well, don't you see?

Then there's Hazel, who with a smile
Sets everything aright;
She is mistress of a cheerful home
And it sure does seem "Albright."

There is sunshine in her manner,
There is sunshine in her smile,
And when He says "Hazel dearie,"
Why everything seems worth while.

Debbie fights for woman's rights,
She is a suffragette.
"Down with the male sex, good and proper!
We'll show 'em somethin' yet."

"We'll not bow to any man,
Be he rich or poor, great or small,
For We do wear the trouser skirts,
And you bet that beats 'em all."

So saith the gentle Deborah
When battling with her foemen,
And with head erect she proudly declares,
"Man is the lesser woman!"

George, with zealous piety,
Doth pray on bended knees
To Satan, the Allvater, to stop such "graft,"
A regular second Diogenes.

He roams the streets of Bishop
Wearing a white robe with purple band,
And, loathing to swear, says, "Was Henker!"
When it trails along the sand.

"I'd like to find an honest man
Who wouldn't stoop to graft
I guess I'll try that lawyer, Hall,"
But alas! he finds he also is daft.

Thus goes honest George through life,
Something attempted, nothing done,
He shall hardly have earned a night's repose,
At the setting of his sun.

Pearl is an orator famous,
Renowned from pole to pole,
Whene'er she opens her mouth to declaim
Oh! what a cavernous hole!

With tragic eyes and abated breath
Her audience stares in wonder,
As she tells in accents tremulous,
Of broken hearts torn asunder.

"Perry stood on the burning deck
When all but him and his dog had fled;
The flame that lit the battle wreck
Shone round him overhead.

"He shot a song into the air,
It fell to sea, I know not where.
But so discordant was the sound
His dog swam away with a leap and bound."

"Come back! Come back!" he cried in grief
And his eyes became quite teary,
"Oh, I will make my song more brief,
My dearie, oh! my dearie!"

Thus ends her sad, sad story:
For a moment all is still,
Then round upon round of applause shakes the rafters,
And tears are shed with a will.

"Jenks," as we used to call her,
Is a housewife full of economy:
Whene'er she runs out of grub, (it is said)
She just feeds him (you know why) on hominy.

At first she seemed loath to marry,
So she taught school many a year;
But at last she began to think differently,
And lo! her tin wedding is in the rear.

Helen? well she did play smash
Beyond all my expectations;
For after one year of college life
She eloped with a man named John(athon).

This was what happened in spite of her hopes
A chemistry teacher to be,
In order that she, to pay off some old scores
Might once in a while give a C.

Ann has as many beaux as ever,
The reason why she and Bill can't agree
To make it more than a mutual friendship
As it now "seems" to be.

You see, Bill wants her all to himself,
A trifle too selfish I fear:
But Ann cannot make up her mind,
She holds the price too dear.

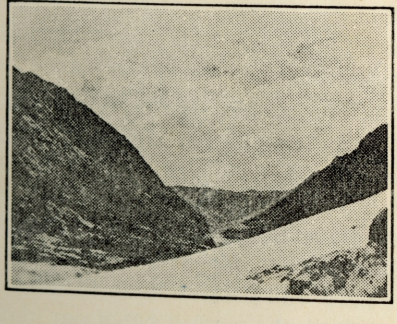
She thinks there are plenty of others for her,
Who have more dough to share;
For Bill is only a rising young lawyer,
Not yet reached the President's chair.

Dear, dear! it's nearly six o'clock.
This wasting time will never do.
I wish I could be a student again
With a stick of gum to chew.

For teachers cannot do such things,
'Tis below their dignity.
All they can do is to sit up straight
And drink chocolate or tea.

And such disobedient children,
For children they seem to be,
I don't wonder Professor Howard
Turned gray before thirty-three!

But what I do wonder at is:
That he was so patient and kind
With such aggravating pupils,
As it has been my lot to find.



Class Will

WE, the Senior class of the Bishop Union High School, being of sound mind and memory, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time made.

I. George Bigelow, who has had the advantage of the rest of us from an educational point of view, this being his sixth year, does hereby leave all of his superfluous knowledge to the class of next year. He also has a very conveniently arranged German book for the benefit of John Yandell, who seems to be in some anxiety concerning his next year German.

II. Anne Nelligan, who has the rare art of making people gay and light-hearted with whom she comes in contact, says that she willingly leaves her most gracious smile to Lester Peregoy, with all confidence that he will appreciate the gift.

III. Helen Sterling, who blindfolds all her teachers with her innocent and winning smiles, will leave her bluffing ability in History classes to John MacIver, a Senior of 1912, which being added to that already possessed by him, will certainly make him an expert in that line next year.

IV. Deborah Smith, our most correct and dignified member, will leave her very interesting and elaborately decorated Chemistry as a reference book for next year's Chemistry class, hoping that her good example will be followed with all due consideration.

V. Hazel Jones, the brightest girl in our class, whose every movement speaks of knowledge and wisdom, will cast her most knowing glances at Charles McKay of next year's Senior class.

VI. Myrtle Roe, who has just lately had the pleasure of being one of our number, and who has won renowned reputation of having had the ability every time except one to find the required answers to Civic questions, will leave this most convenient gift to Edith Lillie, feeling sure that she will know to put it to the best use.

VII. Mae Jenkins, who is indeed a very clever girl but whose thoughts of late have been continually roaming about a certain Glenn she knows of, will, we are sorry to say, have nothing to leave to the coming Seniors, for people entering on the road of matrimony must keep full possession of all their faculties.

VIII. Frances Teel, the spoiled pet of our class, who is always

getting into trouble and being blamed for things which never entered her angelic mind, will leave her privilege of writing signs for Professor Howard to whomsoever happens to come forward with the necessary requirements.

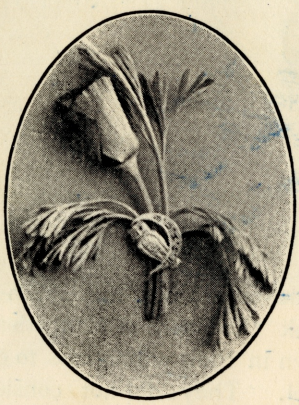
IX. Will Bigelow, the only boy who has had the grit to stay with our class all four years, does hereby will his undownable courage and ability to take up time arguing in Civics class, to Lester Peregoy of the class of 1912, as the only one capable or carrying out his policy.

X. Pearl Davis, a very insignificant member of our class, has nothing to leave to the following classes but her best wishes for their future, hoping that they will strive to attain the high plane of capabilities and correctness reached by the class just leaving.

XI. We, the Senior class as a whole, do hereby leave with all due regrets our former classmates in the Freshman year, namely, John Yandell, Janie Rhead and Charles McKay, to the class of 1912. To our teachers who have worked so earnestly and faithfully that we might complete our four years' high school course, we give our highest esteem and respect. And we hereby appoint Professor Howard the executor of this our last will.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our seal, this 26th day of May, 1911.

Signed: CLASS OF 1911.



THE PIÑON

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EDITORIAL STAFF

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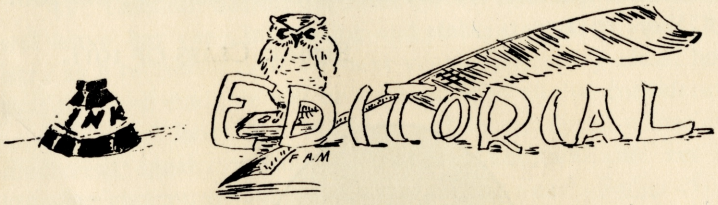


FIVE months ago we expected to have two more issues of the Piñon before the close of school, but, owing to the fact that we have been so busy endeavoring to place our school on the accredited list, we have not been able to carry out this plan. However, we hope that this, our Senior number, will be so much better on account of the time spent on its preparation that it will compensate you for the omission of the March number.

We wish to thank the Board of Education for their interest, which has been shown in their willingness to do all in their power to improve the school. They did not consider that their work was completed when they had secured a good faculty, but following the advice of the Principal, they have greatly improved the

libraries and laboratories, thus bringing these departments up to the standard of an accredited school.

The Piñon heartily congratulates the members of the Band upon their success in "The Greatest Show on Earth." They are certainly a progressive and enthusiastic organization.

The Freshmen are to be commended upon their energy and independence with which they planned and conducted the first social function of the school year.

You may think that such papers as "The Spectator Paper on the Honey-Bunch Club" and the retorts are rather long to be found in the joke column, but please remember that they are jokes and do not represent any serious criticism between the two classes represented.

We are glad that the business men of the town have been so ready to give us their advertisements which have been so great a financial aid to us. We hope that the students of the high school will show their appreciation by patronizing them as much as possible.

The High School Band

A SHORT time before Christmas several of the students conceived the idea of starting a brass band in school. Through the efforts of Mr. W. D. Clair, of Bishop, two hundred dollars was donated to purchase the first equipment.

At first some thought that there would be about fifteen members, but when the time for organization came over thirty students had signified their intention to become members. This extra number caused trouble for those in charge of the finances, but at the present time there is light ahead.

In order to meet the expenses dues were charged members. The fee for members owning their own instruments was fifty cents per month; for those who were furnished instruments at the expense of the organization the rate was seventy-five cents per month. This rate of dues has been materially lessened for next year, when the rate for those who furnish their own instruments will be three dollars per year and that for members who are furnished instruments at the expense of the band will be five dollars per year. These amounts are payable on or before the first of the new school year, and many students who are not now members of the organization have paid their dues in order to secure instruments for next year.

One of the main features of the band is the reed section, consisting of two saxophones and seven clarinets. Two more saxophones have been ordered, so that next year a saxophone quartette, consisting of Miss Vollmers, Mr. Peregoy, Miss McQueen and Miss Kilpatrick, will be a feature.

The first set of instruments was a cheap set, and they are still in use, but in the future nothing but the best instruments will be purchased. The prevailing favorite among instruments seems to be the Conn. This make of instrument is represented in the cornet and clarinet sections and there is a most excellent baritone of this make in the band.

During the year there have been two public appearances of the band. On April 21 they appeared at the Bishop Opera House in The Greatest Show on Earth, which was given by and for the benefit of the band. The city turned out well and the receipts amounted to three hundred dollars, with less than thirty dollars expenses.

The second appearance was on Saturday, May 20, also at the Opera House, and on this occasion they played for Mr. Holland, the manager of the opera house, to show that they appreciated his many efforts in their behalf.

The present financial condition of the band shows a small balance on hand, but when the new saxophones arrive there will be a balance on the red of about one hundred and fifty dollars.

We have great hopes of becoming strong next year, both in numbers and ability.

The Story of a Saxon Boy

OUR story opens about the year 1060 A. D., in the eastern part of England called East Anglia. One of the largest estates in that country was Steyning.

The Thane Edwyn was considered one of the wealthiest Saxons there. He had many tenants on his estate, all of whom liked him for a landlord. His boy Wulf was about sixteen years old at this time and was a large strong boy. One day Gurth, Earl of East Anglia, stopped at Steyning. He was hunting, with a number of his friends, but had not been able to find much game. Wulf offered to go with them and show them where the most deer were to be found. The Earl gladly accepted him as a guide and at evening they returned burdened with deer, rabbits and other game. As he was leaving the next day Gurth asked Thane Edwyn if Wulf might not come to court with him as his page. The Thane said Wulf might if he wanted to. You may be sure that Wulf was delighted with this plan. They started and made forty miles that day. That night they stopped at an inn along the road. The main room was a long affair. At one end there was a platform; this was where the higher class of travelers ate. The supper consisted of bacon, eggs, a large venison pie and bread. They had wine and ale to drink. After the meal was over a servant passed around a basin of water, in which each one dipped their fingers; they then dried them on their napkins. Then a minstrel came in and played and sang until late in the night. The common people all lay down on the benches which were ranged around the wall and wrapping themselves in their

cloaks were soon fast asleep. Earl Gurth and his retainer were led into a large room. On the floor of this room were straw pallets. This was their sleeping apartment. The next morning after an early breakfast they were on their way. On the third day they arrived in London. This was the first time Wulf had ever been in a large city and the sights were all very wonderful to him.

Edward the Confessor, who was King at this time, was more interested in the abbey he was building than in the affairs of state. For many years Earl Harold, who was Gurth's brother, attended to these affairs. All the English people looked upon Harold as the next English king. Edward had spent his youth in Normandy and seemed to think more of the Normans than he did of his own subjects. Every vacant office was filled by a Norman. They were favored at court and the prevailing language there was Norman-French. It was even whispered that Edward had promised the crown to Duke William of Normandy.

Wulf soon became accustomed to the city and the court. He made friends with other pages there and they had jolly times hawking and hunting together. Two years passed this way and Wulf was nearly a man. He could ride and could use the sword and battle-ax very well. He had also learned to read and write while at court, for Gurth made all of his pages learn these things.

One day a messenger came from Steyning saying that Wulf's father had been thrown from a horse and killed. Wulf was wild with grief. He prepared to start for home right away. Gurth called him to one side and told him he was going to make him a thane immediately, as he thought him old enough now. That same evening he swore to be Earl Gurth's retainer and to serve him faithfully. The next day he started for Steyning. When he arrived there he found everybody mourning. After a few days his grief began to pass away. He began his new duties by riding over his estate to see all his tenants. He gathered together about forty young Saxons to form house-earls or soldiers. They were trained by a man Gurth sent from London. Each thane was supposed to have a body of these trained men, besides the levies he could raise.

In time of war the thanes led their house-earls to join the Earl's army. Their armor was a leather suit covered with iron rings which overlapped each other. They had leather helmets and shields studded with brass nails. Wulf chose a squire for

himself while in London. He was the son of a blacksmith. Ulric was an enormous fellow. He was not very quick, but could strike a terrible blow. He and Wulf practiced with sword and battle-ax daily, and soon came to be very proficient in the use of both. Wulf spent three years at Steyning, going to London once in a while to see Gurth. He followed Gurth into Wales and helped quiet that country and then returned home again. One day a messenger came from Gurth stating that Harold Hadrada, King of Norway, had landed in Mercia at the head of an immense army. He had defeated Earls Morcar and Edyn. York had surrendered to the Norwegians.

A short time before Earl Fostig, of Northumberland, had been deposed by his subjects. Fostig then complained to his brother, Earl Harold, who would do nothing for him. Enraged at this, the deposed earl had gone to Norway and had invited the king, Harold, to conquer England. King Harold was gathering an army to march against the invaders. A little while before this time Edward the Confessor had died and Harold had been made king. Duke William of Normandy was preparing to invade England. Harold had been guarding the southern coast when the invaders had appeared in the north. Wulf marched to London at the head of about one hundred house-earls. There he joined men flocking in from all sides. In two days Harold started north. He arrived at York on the sixth day of his march. The Norwegians were camped near Stanford bridge. The Saxons attacked them here and there was a terrible battle. Wulf kept close to Earl Gurth, who was in the thickest of the fight. The English battle-ax and the Norwegian two-handed sword did their work well. Toward nightfall the invaders started to retreat. They were pursued to their ships with great slaughter. On that day Harold Hadrada, Earl Fostig and many others of the Norwegians fell. But the flower of the Saxon army was also destroyed.

The next day a messenger came to Harold while he was feasting in York, saying that William of Normandy had landed on the southern coast of England and was ravaging the country. Harold set out for the south at once. He gathered all the levies he could on the march and met another Saxon army at London. Hearing that the Normans were at Hastings, the Saxons went there to give them battle. The two armies were drawn up on two hills. The Saxons had fences in front of their army to break

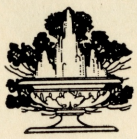
the cavalry charges. The Normans depended chiefly on their cavalry, while the Saxons depended on their house-earls armed with the terrible battle-ax.

The Normans opened the battle with a terrible shower of arrows, but these did not bother the English very much. Then the Norman cavalry charged right up the hill to the English line. They were repulsed again and again. Finally Duke William ordered his men to pretend to flee. They did this and the untrained English levies instantly pursued them. Another body of Normans cut off these Saxons' retreat and they were all killed. There was a large body of house-earls still left, who withstood all the cavalry charges. William ordered his men to shoot upwards so that the arrows would fall on the Saxons' heads. King Harold happened to look up and was struck in the eye with an arrow. He fell down at the foot of his banner. Gurth was fighting bravely all this time. He rushed at a Norman horseman and threw a javelin at him. The javelin killed the horse but the man was safe. He immediately killed Gurth with a blow of his mace. Wulf rushed up and killed the Norman. Even without leaders the Saxons fought bravely. At last there was only a few left fighting desperately around the dragon banner. Among these were Wulf and Ulric. Finally there came a terrible charge. This last little body of defenders fell, and the field was won for the Normans. That night the stars came out and looked down upon a terrible battlefield. Where the Dragon had been floating in the morning the Roman Lion now kept guard.

Thus ended the life of Wulf, the Saxon boy.

"If It Had Not Been for Pandora"

We hate the things Pandora did
  Although we do the same
For all the trouble in the world,
  Pandora gets the blame.
If it had not been for Pandora
  What would this world have been;
We'd all have been as good as angels
  Never dreaming of a sin.
If she had never existed,
  There would have been no schools,
Ignorant chaps we would have been,
  But a happy set set of fools.
No dishes to wash; no socks to darn,
  No meals to cook each day,
Such things as socks were never worn
  Until Style got away.
As beautiful as the sunshine
  And rich without a doubt,
Such were all poor mortals like
  Till Poverty got out.
There were no sore and broken hearts,
  But lovers ruled sublime;
Now, old Jealousy sneaks around,
  He escaped that self-same time.
Men used to love their mothers-in-law,
  Also their good wives true,
Now old Grouch among them dwells,
  He left Pandora too.
Girls weren't fickle and loved but one.
  So runs the tale, but hark!
Flirtation crept out of the box,
  Leaving Unity in the dark.
Men used never to smoke or drink,
  Nor in any bad things revel,
Until Temptation came to earth,
  Leaving his outgrown shell.
Their faces were clean shaven,
  The kind we like to kiss,
Till Whiskers broke his prison bars,
  And now enjoys such bliss.
Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
  Could any make you sorer,
Than what we might have been or done,
  If it had not been for Pandora?



From the Philippines

IN the year 1898 the Philippine Islands were annexed to the United States. These islands are situated in the Pacific ocean southeast of China and about seven thousand miles from the port of San Francisco. To go by steamer, if the weather is favorable, takes about one month.

Manila is an old Spanish city, surrounded by a high wall; then there is the new city of Manila, built principally by the Americans. This is much cooler than the old walled city and is more modern in many respects.

Fort McKinley is a few miles from Manila, and is occupied by the officers and soldiers of the United States army.

The natives, in features, resemble the negroes. They have black eyes, thick lips, and large flat noses. The men wear long hair, red shirts and yellow trousers that scarcely reach their knees. Both men and women smoke large black cigars, which are about eight inches long and two in circumference.

The people live in small grass huts, that have no way for the smoke to escape. This fact accounts for the sore eyes of many of the children. When the children, from fourteen down, wish to take a bath they strip to their brown skins, then go out on the streets and sidewalks, chasing and throwing water over each other and having a perfectly lovely time, if one is to judge from their screams of laughter. Their elders show a becoming sense of

modesty and perform their ablutions by sitting down, fully dressed, under a hydrant, and then proudly parade in the sun in their dripping garments, satisfied that they have done all that could be expected of anybody in the cause of cleanliness and bodily purity.

Bagino is just like a little country village. There is one street, with a queer little post office and a few stores where you cannot get anything you want. There are hills all around, covered with pine trees, and it is quite cold. You understand that Bagino is the summer capital, and is where the officers move during the hot season.

The Igorotes, the tribe that inhabits that part of Luzon, are a strange people. The men do not wear trousers and often not coats. The boys also wear almost nothing, and with their long hair and their little caps perched on the back of their heads, they make a picturesque sight—something like the pictures you see of Indians in war costume.

The women look very nice, notwithstanding that they are frightfully dirty. They dress in some kind of striped material which they weave themselves—a kind of loose jacket, and a short skirt coming about to their knees. They wear neither shoes nor stockings, and their hair, which is cut off about their shoulders, is bound around the head with a band.

Their favorite diet consists of dogs, and on Sunday the market is crowded with poor canines waiting for the slaughter. They sell for about two pesos apiece. The Igorotes do not like them fat and they are so lean one can count their ribs. They are short-haired, common looking curs and are either beaten or starved to death. Another peculiarity of this tribe is their self control. Their funerals and religious ceremonials alike are turned into festivities, and they do not bury their dead but rest the coffin on a framework about six feet from the ground. Although it is said they do not feel badly over a death, most of them wear a black band around their arm for mourning. They used to be head hunters, and in some of the more remote districts that practice is still carried on.

When Bacchus Left Bishop

Bacchus used to live in Bishop
He liked the climate here.
The ladies never liked him
But the men held him most dear.
He kept them warm when they were cold
And cool when they were warm.
He took away their sorrows,
And never did them harm.
In preference to their darling wives
They liked him best 'tis true,
Sweet feminine tempers ruffled, and
They told him to skidoo.
He wanted to go to Jupiter
But they would not have it so
They'd send him down to Hades,
Where all the sinful go.
He left on the tenth of April,
And Jove shed many tears
To think that Bacchus was forced to go,
After staying so many years.
Gone? No not entirely yet
He comes in on the sky
To kill tuberculosis germs
And help to make mince pie.
Generally he's down with Pluto
Judging the souls of men;
If they're good they go to Heaven,
If they're bad he takes them in.
The good old citizens of our town
Are feeling rather bum,
They miss their morning stimulant
Of liberal Bacchus' rum.
Their legs have grown so very stiff,
They've lost the graceful swing
That used to rule their footsteps
When Bacchus was their king.
Their charming grin has disappeared
Their faces have grown long.
They used to be a happy set,
When he was midst their throng.
Sometimes he gets quite reckless
From duty his mind will stray,
And lets his non-religious friends
Pass merrily on their way.
This is a comfort to the Bishopites,
A rainbow in the sky,
The last small chance they have to get
To Heaven when they die.

My Trip to the Underworld

FOR many days I was stricken with a fever, which lingered with me until the hour of my death. That was the last I knew until I was gently borne down through the solid earth in the arms of Mercury. I felt very uneasy, for I remembered the sins which I had committed on earth and could not think of any good act I had ever performed.

We finally reached a stopping point. The light from beneath was of but little use to me because it would flicker and go out and would not reappear for several minutes. I could see but very little—only at times the slowly flowing river of woe beneath us and a few bushes and roots weaving in and out through the great walls of the earth.

After Mercury had rested for a few short seconds we were off again, flying directly toward the river. As we neared the shore the light was much plainer and I decided to take a good look at my companion.

Never on earth had I seen such a handsome young man. He was very tall, with piercing brown eyes. His hat was very unbecoming to him, but as he did not often need one it did not matter much. Attached to his ankles were wings; in his hand he held a beautiful wand with two serpents twined around it. I asked him to hold it just a little further out of my way. I know he was vexed, because he told me the serpents were friends, and if that were the only punishment I would get all would be well with me.

On the bank of the river he left me and told me to wait for Charon, the grim boatman, who would come for me if preparation had been made. I was about to ask him what preparation when I saw him flying away for some one else on earth.

I again began to think of my life on earth when one of my B. U. H. S. friends stepped up to me and asked me if I was Maye Bedford, etc.; I answered "Yes." After we had conversed a few moments he asked me if I had any money to pay my fare across the river. I was surprised, and then it dawned on me that Mercury must have been hinting about the money proposition when he asked me if preparation had been made for me to cross the river.

My friend told me I would have to roam up and down the river until I could steal a chance for a ride, and that all the gods

would punish me daily. After he had frightened me nearly to a second death he handed me a penny and told me it was his treat and laughed. It certainly was a treat, for without it I would have had to roam the bank of the river for a thousand years.

Our boatman appeared at this time and we crossed the river for two cents. It was little fun for us to cross the water, for the earth was all a-tremble. When we asked Charon what made the boat move so queerly he told us it was only a small earthquake.

We turned to view the other side of the shore, but could see nothing, as it was veiled from our sight. Directly before me was a high wall, built up out of earth. The door, a very large one, was locked. My friend and I started to open the door, when the boatman called out "Two cents, please." We paid our fare and he immediately opened the door for us. The door did not open directly into Hades, but we were conveyed through a long hall which was very dark. As we reached the end of this hall we came to a monstrous dog, who seemed by his actions pleased to see us; one would have thought he belonged to us. We were now at the door which led to the throne of Pluto. The inmates of the court, hearing the dog bark, opened the door for us.

I began to get nervous and more frightened than ever, for I knew what my doom would be. I looked at my friend and saw that he was very sad and pale. We marched up to Pluto and were given seats in a weird corner. My friend was first to be questioned. Although Proserpine talked to me while Pluto examined my friend, nevertheless I heard Pluto ask him if he had ever done any good. The poor fellow's face grew pale and he was about to answer "No," when I yelled out loudly: "Yes, he has; he paid my fare over here!" Pluto then came down from the throne, patted him on the head and told him he was a fine fellow. Then he told some beautiful little girls to direct him to the Land of Pleasure and Everlasting Happiness.

I was awaiting my examination when I heard a member of my family calling me to arise from my slumbers. My turn is coming yet.

A Skating Party

ONE day in the bleak December weather Jack started for Lake Michigan with his skates on his shoulder. "Where are you going?" asked his mother in a gentle voice. "Oh, I'm just going to skate a little and then I will be right back," he answered. But what boy ever came right back from a skating party on Lake Michigan? Jack's mother did not think he was going on the lake, as she had not been keeping a memorandum on the weather. But Jack had. He knew also that all the boys would be out on the lake, after four days and nights of still, cold weather.

So he sauntered up the streets of Milwaukee, joining company with the other boys as he went along. When they had reached the lake there were nearly forty boys assembled. All were over-joyous and happy, as this was the first time for several years that Lake Michigan had been frozen so solidly.

First there was the race to see who could get his skates on first, and then the games began. There was Pull-away and Red Rover and Shinney, and the games did not cease until all the boys were badly bruised. As soon as they were rested they started in the flight to see how far out in the water the ice was good. It was so smooth and they could skate so well that it seemed they almost flew. From their youngest childhood they had been warned by their fathers and mothers not to go too far out on the ice. But this "too far" warning was indefinite, because they did not know just how far "too far" was.

They soared on and on. Soon there came up a soft wind in their faces. This seemed to bring bad news to them, as they all slowed down and there was silence almost immediately where before there was a howling and shouting bedlam. They could not see home. All that was visible was the tower of the lighthouse. They knew the way back and they would soon be there, they thought, but they seemed to have read a message on the wind that made them so quiet.

After they had gone almost a mile the truth of the message was proved. Before them was a wide crack in the ice nearly one hundred yards wide. What were they to do? Some of the smaller boys were crying and in every throat was a hard sore lump that could not be swallowed. They skated up and down the ice rim trying to find a narrow place, but all in vain.

Now they realized how far "too far" was, but all too late, for the wind had broken the ice and they were on the floating portion. It was useless to try to swim in such cold water, as one's limbs would cramp before he could go ten feet. They had no boat and no raft, as would have been the case in the summer, so what were they to do? The thought of their helplessness made the tears come to the eyes of even the bravest.

There were plans suggested, but none of them were feasible. At last Jack, who had been the farthest up the ice rim, came baek and quickly drew out his pocket knife and set to work. The others followed his example and soon a chunk of ice about ten feet square was cut off from the rest. Jack stepped upon this and told the other boys to shove it as far as possible toward the shore. They obeyed him, for they understood his plan. Holding his coat above his head, he made a sail and the strong wind bore him swiftly to the shore. When he started to get off the ice tipped and Jack was thrown into the water.

Out on the ice the boys were writhing and squirming and shouting in their agony, as they saw Jack go down and realized that they could do nothing to help him. At last, after what seemed an hour to the boys, he managed to reach the light-house, where he found plenty of help. Jack quickly told of the boys out on the lake and a boat was soon launched. And he did not stop here, but helped to row the boat back and forth across the water uatil all the boys were safely landed.

That same night Dr. Mitchell was called about midnight to Jack's house just in time to pronounce the cause of Jack's death, the fall into the icy water. And there was never a sadder funeral known to the boys of Milwaukee than the one that took place the second day after the day of the skating party.

From a Trustee's Viewpoint

AS the school year of 1910-11 nears its close you may notice the members of the Board of Trustees of the Bishop Union High School wearing a smile of satisfaction and contentment. This satisfaction is far reaching; embracing the teachers, the students, the general public, which has shown itself kindly disposed in every way.

We have certainly all boosted this year, and results speak for themselves.

It was my privilege recently to visit the High School while in session.

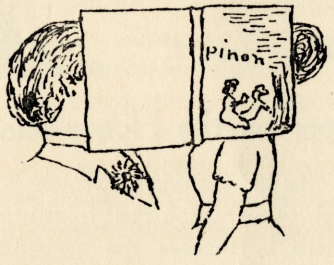
The systematic, diligent application of the students impressed me as remarkable.

There was no restlessness, no inattention; every subject was approached with interest and handled with painstaking care. As I passed through the halls from one recitation room to another, absolute silence prevailed, and I marveled at the discipline that accomplished all this with no friction.

Keep boosting! Let us help our children, full of the "sand" and "grit" of the desert and the field and the rugged freedom of the mountains, to realize the best that is within them and us.

HELEN M. DOYLE, Clerk of Board.

Exchange



WE have received a few more exchanges since our last Piñon was issued. We are glad, and wish there were more. Through the exchanges we get acquainted with other schools. The paper shows the spirit of the school and the enterprise of its pupils. Kind criticism will show us wherein we err. Don't knock, but boost.

"Olla Podrida," Berkeley: Why do you mar such an excellent paper by having advertisements on the cover? It would be better to add another page. Your joshes are unusually good. But isn't your story department a little lacking? Get busy.

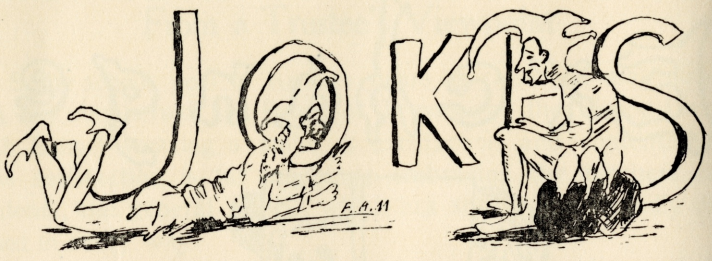
"The Pohob," Elko High: Cut out the advertisement on the first page. It would be well for you to make a study of such papers as "Pine Breezes," and get some ideas of a good paper. Your department "Book Talk" is splendid. Keep it up. Why don't you appoint a lively josh editor?

"Guard and Tackle," Stockton High: Is there no one in your school capable of designing a cover? And why have advertisements adorning the back cover? Look to your appearance. Your December issue is a great improvement on the preceding ones. Your jokes would make any one laugh.

"The Skull," Calaveras High: Yours is an all-round good paper, sharing the hearty co-operation of all the students.

"Pine Breezes," Eldorado High: Yours is the best ever, and might well be used as a pattern for other schools. The general appearance of your entire paper is unusually attractive. Your stories and poems are well worth reading.

"The Tiger," San Francisco: On the whole, your paper is good. "Little Nell" is well written, but your stories are rather flat. The same may be said of you as of others: Cut out advertisements on the back.



Spectator Paper on the Honey-Bunch Club

THERE is a small city in California which boasts of a high school and several other important institutions, but has no real source from which to receive the most interesting home news. There are however two local papers, the "Ananias Weekly" and the "Ancient Recorder." The "Ladies-Endeavor-to-Look-Sweet-Society" and the "Gentlemen's Solitary Club" have appealed to me to obtain the most interesting facts of the day.

The one thing which now seems to receive the larger part of attention is the "Honey-Bunch Club," which is composed of eight ladies and two gentlemen. It is the business of this society to see that every one else does his own work and theirs too and ever keep in view the good example that they set for their less honored companions, of which I am a member.

The Honey-Bunch ladies, though they are dear, sweet, little things, indulge in some rather hilarious and unladylike sports frequently. On one occasion they have been known to commit a penitentiary offense, within the city limits.

Modesty is one thing that they admire. Their attitudes toward gentlemen are shy and cool, and although they do secretly agree among themselves that it is so consoling to have a man around. This was clearly shown by their actions. After using their many charms to capture a certain popular young man and having failed, they erected a statue in his honor to be placed in their rest room, where his charming presence ever lightened the weary way.

At another time shortly after this, an unintentional intruder, upon entering the quarters of the "Honey-Bunches," beheld one of the angelic maids of that society with a male member of a lower class seated upon her lap. Now could anything be more

shocking? But when the Gentlemen's Solitary Club and the Ladies-Endeavor-to-Look-Sweet Society heard of this they only exclaimed, "How generous and comforting those dear little Honey Bunches are."

The tongues of the female section are seemingly as sharp as their wit. This is evident from the small number of gentlemen who belong to the club. They no doubt receive many lectures. The elder one of these gentlemen has not yet entirely recovered from a recent punishment given him because he was seen to publicly embrace a young lady to whom he was not engaged. One thing to be admired in them is their large amount of patience. If any one is looking for a model husband with unlimited patience I would refer them to the male members of the Honey Bunch Club.

The Soothin-Syrup Clan

In the same bright town with the Honey-Bunch Club,
Which boasts of men, but a span,
Is found another, which acts as a sub,
And is known as the Soothin-syrup Clan.

The reason why their rank is so low,
Is because their conceit is so great;
In school they're found on the Hoodlum Row,
As the Chem. class does often relate.

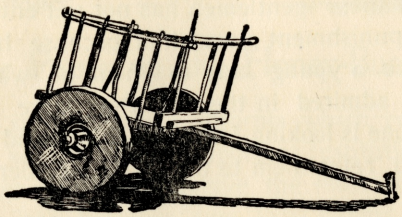
The cause of their name, "The Soothin-syrup Clan,"
Is enough to make you laugh;
'Tis because when at first at the club you scan,
You behold the Soothin-syrup Calf.

Now the Calf is the chief of all that Clan,
He knows what ought to be done,
He says: Can we! Why of course we can,
And then they do it—like fun.

They once thought to give the public a play;
The reason they failed, don't you know.
Was because they found out at a very late day,
That the Soothin-syrup talent was very low.

If the Honey-bunch Club does something it shouldn't,
How the Soothin-syrup Clan does roar;
They'd have done it themselves if they could, but they couldn't,
They failed when they tried it before.

And so of all things silly and small,
The Soothin-syrup Clan is the best;
The chief is, of course, the silliest of all,
His tongue wags more than the rest.



This is what our forefathers used for a wagon.

They got along with it,

So could you—

If you had to.

You could get along with a cheaply constructed, hard running wagon, too,

If you had to.

But you don't have to,

Because

We sell the easy running

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AGENTS

The Mental Dwarfs

THERE is a certain class of people who are called dwarfs because they are small in stature, and some who are called giants because they are large in stature. But I know a class of people who are dwarfs in mental power and giants in gossip. Some of them keep posted on matrimonial engagements, patience, model husbands and the propriety of their neighbors. Some of these are so interested in the affairs of others that they really let their own business be forever postponed. Of course it is to be expected that a member of the Honey Bunch Club should be to blame for trying to spoon with Mental Dwarfs, but they are so pretty with their fairy-like faces, which show the pallor of their dwarf-land flowers.

They are all carefully looked after by a very slim young fellow who is skilled in medicine. They are marshalled by the giant, who is exceeding large in stature, although his medicinal knowledge is watery. Their leader is very handsome, although he has not the influence to go with it.

The rest of the Mental Dwarfs bob around, here and there, playing and chirping when they are away from home, but when they are all together they seem to be the most unhappy class of people living. Hence their lack of substantial knowledge.

SENIOR ENGLISH

HELEN—"Say Jinks, pipe Spratt's new pongee waist."

MAY JENKINS—"Uh-huh, I have a hunch it's the genuine dope, and is manufactured right nobby, too, believe me."

HELEN—"Yep, it is certainly too overly over."

I have succeeded Wm. H. Bryson and associated myself with Geo. L. Bryson. With an AMPLE STOCK, KIND AND COURTEOUS TREATMENT, and

OUR FAMOUS COFFEE

as an appetizer, we hope for your continued patronage.

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A Parody

On "Parents Haven't Seen Him Since."

Oh there was a little boy
And his name was Peregoy.
He belonged to the Soothin' Syrup Clan.
He always makes us laugh,
'Cause he's dubbed the school calf,
And tries to do the very best he can.

And he has a little dog,
That barks just like a frog,
And it followed Peregoy to school one day.
As it was against the rule
To have Perry's dog at school,
Perry's little dog was sent away.

And right into Civics class
Perry gave his dog a pass,
To show the knowledge that he did possess;
But Perry's little dog
Started barking like a frog,
So the Civics class got a long recess.

For it broke poor Perry's heart
Just when he had to part
From his only life-long pal;
For his heart is full of feeling,
And his love is always stealing,
But Peregoy can never get a gal.

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Will L. Smith

When a Chem exam was given
Perry's heart was filled with rhythm,
As to the questions on the board he looks,
And with such great surprise
Perry opened up both eyes
And let them fall upon his open book.

And he peeped around the corner,
Just as if he was Jack Horner,
To see if anyone was watching him,
Then he took another look
At his open Chem book,
And then "I wonder if this is a sin?

"Will I ever get to Heaven
If I look up Number Seven?"
Tho't Perry as he solemnly gazed and looked,
And his brain was in a whirl
When he saw a round-faced girl
Getting answers from his open chemistry book.

When Perry's paper was graded
His low mark was sadly shaded,
By his constant tho't of ever reachin' heaven,
For he looks up Number One,
And all the rest just for fun,
But he confessed he looked up Number Eleven.

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Way up in white man's heaven,
Where the angels number seven,
Perry stands the foremost of the band,
For the angels came and took him
When Myrtle dear had shook him,
And now he's playing happily in the sand.

AND STILL SHE WHISPERS

MR. HOWARD—(to Frances, who was constantly whispering, in English): "Frances, you're a corker."

MR. HOWARD—(reading on and Frances still whispering): "Frances, you're a geyser."

And still she whispers on.

NOTICE TO FRESHIES

Always laugh at Prof. Howard's jokes,
No matter how stale they be;
Just consider it, Freshman,
For it is a good policy.

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F. K. Andrews, Cashier; J. W. Wells, Assistant
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A JUNIOR RECITATION

MISS VOLLMERS—"When did Prussia begin to grow?"

MISS SPRATT—"Somewhere along the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries."

MISS VOLLMERS—"Well, tell us about it.

MISS SPRATT (as usual) —"Why, I don't know anything about it."

TOO SLOW

MISS VOLLMERS—"Miss Roe, what is the definition of a federal government?"

MISS ROE—"I was just looking for it."

A FRESHMAN TRAGEDY

A Freshie stood on the burning deck,
From all that we can learn
He stood in perfect safety—
He was too green to burn.

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ERNEST CLARK (on seeing his name as end man in the minstrels) "Ah; is there no end to this man's elevation?"

MISS S.—"Mr. McKay, can't you find something to do?"
MR. MCKAY—"No, mum; I have no books here except chemistry and I think I know that."

FRANCES—"How do you like my picture?"
RENE SPRATT—"Gee, you look like a dying duck."

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BUICK

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LEGAL ADVICE

HELEN—"Mr. Howard, what course in the University could I take that would not require the study of Latin?"

MR. HOWARD—"You might take the agricultural course and learn how to milk the ducks."

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

A preacher was passing by a house of a negro, who recently joined the preacher's church. The negro was swearing furiously, when the preacher said, "Why, Sam, don't you remember the fourth commandment?" Sam said, "Yes; but don't you know the eleventh commandment?" "No," said the preacher; "what is it?" "Thou shalt mind your own business."

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ANNE NELLIGAN—"Peregoy, you are so charming."

L. PEREGOY—When's that?"

ANNE NELLIGAN—"When it comes to a dull finish."

MR. HOWARD (reading aloud to Senior English class):

Ah, me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips pres't
Close, close to thine, in that quick falling dew
Of fruitful kisses thick as autumn rain.

Senior class tittering.

MR. HOWARD—"You should not laugh at that; that is not funny."

GEO. BIGELOW—"But it is fun, though."

MR. HOWARD—"Oh, do you think so? Well, I'll take your word for it, since you know."

RUTH LEETE (coming into the study hall with her hair combed in turban style)—

B. FORBES (with bulging eyes)—"Well, what's Ruth got now?"

"PERRY, which poem do you like the best?"

PEREGOY—" 'Among the Hills.' "

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P. P. KEOUGH, Proprietor

MISS S. "Miss Sterling, you are a chemical lady. If, when washing you should add washing soda to soften the water you would of course call it calcium carbonate, and think of the reaction that would take place. Then you could just imagine you were studying chemistry instead of washing."

MISS STERLING "Well, I would rather wash."

MR. C--"Vere, what do you expect to make out of yourself, anyway?"

VERE--"Well, I'm not sure. For some time it has been the height of my ambition to be a hotel manager, but now I am thinking seriously of raising cotton down in Texas."

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Bishop, Cal.

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YOU COULDN'T EXPECT HIM TO REMEMBER

MISS VOLLMERS—(Monday morning) "Mr. Peregoy, tell me the difference between the American and English cabinets."

MR. PEREGOY—(looks blank and shakes his head).

MISS VOLLMERS—"Oh, you know; you learned that Friday."

MR. PEREGOY—"Yes, but that's a long time ago."

Hazel Rose sat on a tack. Hazel Rose.

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WHAT WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

When the Juniors are going to give that roaring comedy.

Why they postponed it.

Why they cannot agree on anything.

Why John MacIver cannot keep order.

What the Seniors have done so far, aside from Peregoy privately.

Why they don't listen to the wailings of Teddie.

Why all scientific teachers wear ice-cream clothes.

Why the Freshmen allowed the Juniors to read a poem ridiculing the Seniors at a party which was given in honor of the latter class.

Why a certain sophomore is so fond of that old song, "My Merry Oldsmobile."

What the Honey-bunch is going to do next year.

Why May Jenkins goes to Round Valley.

Why Anne Nelligan changed her seat in Physics class. Ask Bill.

Why Glenn Tinder works in town. Ask May.

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WHAT IS BEING SAID

That the Juniors would lead the school if the school was going the other way.

That if Peregoy was as influential as ambitious the Juniors would be a wonderful class.

That Peregoy is too ambitious for the rest of the class.

That John MacIver is too quiet to rule.

That John Yandell is too big to be of a great mind, because these things don't always go together.

That Edith Lilly thinks she is entirely too classy for the Juniors.

That Chas. McKay is entirely too strong for such light work.

That Mary Dixon's voice is too weak.

That Ted Clarke is entirely too small for the heavy draft.

That Mildred Munn is too fond of home.

That Hazel Tinder is too much interested in mathematics, especially blacksmithing.

That Rene is too busy cranking.

That Edith Bedford is too cute a girl to lead such a life.

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LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS

That Olive Garner knows why J. MacIver bought a ranch.

That Miss Vollmers would like to know what a civic student would look like if he knew his lesson.

That Marguerite knows a good Taylor when she sees him.

That Ernest Clark is glad the Baptist parsonage is so close to home.

That McKay wishes he had an auto to go to Round Valley in next summer.

That Myrtle Roe always looks for the morning star and finds it next door.

That Geo. Bigelow is so glad the Laws road is so good.

That Professor Howard will never be able to reform Frances.

That Mr. Clair plays an instrument without reeds now, but he hopes to play the harp of life with a Reed.

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Percheron, Belgian

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French Coach Horses

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Look Pretty,

BOYS, LOOK PRETTY

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Famous Haircut and Shaves

will do the work. Of course it will help some if you have on one of those nobby suits made by the

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Get wise! Come through!